

NATHAN EDMONDSON CHRISTIAN WARD

Image

OF  
14

\$3.50

Cover A

# OLYMPUS™

"...a godly tale...beautiful..."

-AIN'T IT COOL NEWS



# TO CATCH A THIEF

STORY  
**NATHAN EDMONDSON**

COVER + ART  
**CHRISTIAN WARD**

LETTERS + LOGO DESIGN  
**JEFF POWELL**

VARIANT COVER  
**TOMMY LEE  
EDWARDS**

# OLYMPUS



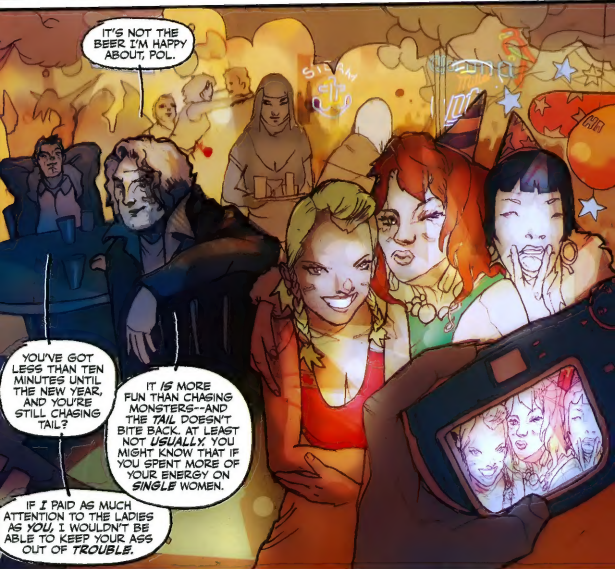
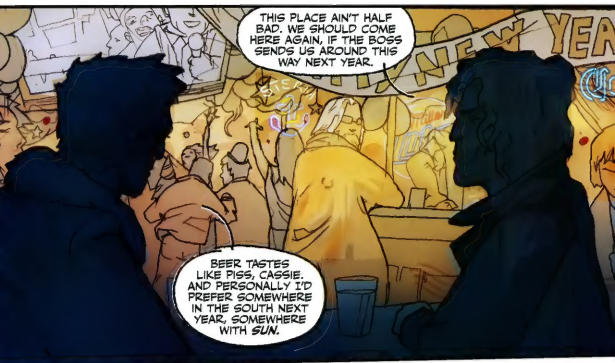
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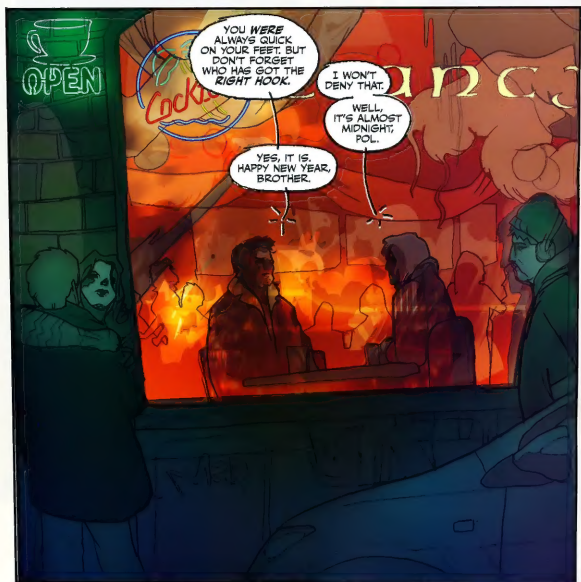
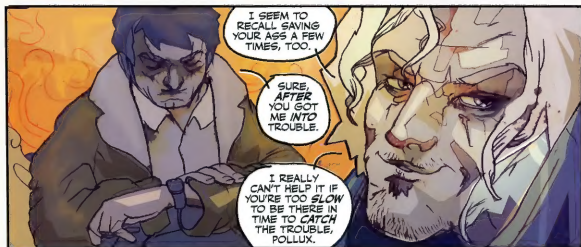
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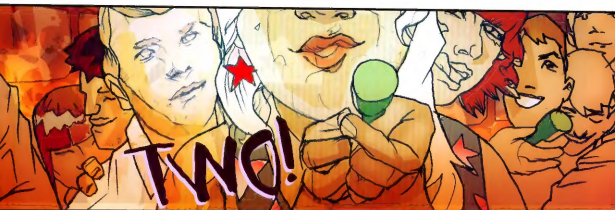


YES.  
COUNT OF  
FIVE?

SO,  
BROTHER,  
ARE YOU  
READY TO  
DIE?

COUNT  
OF FIVE.









OH MY  
GOD! OH MY  
GOD, THEY  
SHOT EACH  
OTHER!

CALL THE  
POLICE!



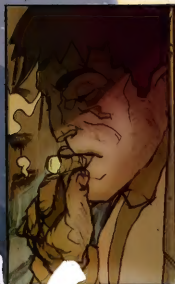
THERE  
THEY GO  
AGAIN.

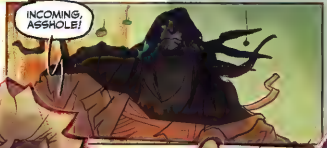
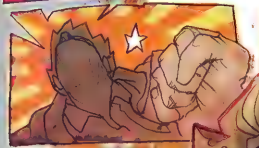
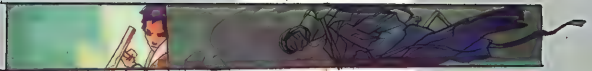


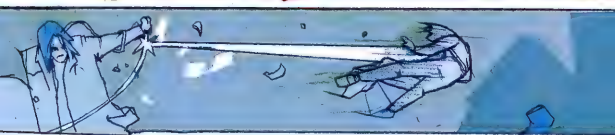


ELEVEN MONTHS AGO  
LONDON









OUCH.

COME ON,  
LITTLE BROTHER.  
DON'T LET HIM  
GET AWAY.

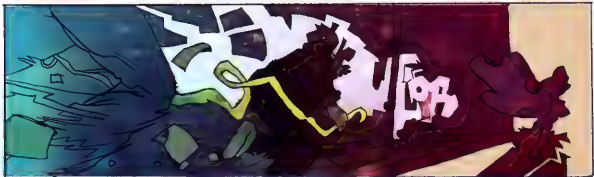
ME? I JUST  
JUMPED SIX STORIES!  
**YOU** LET HIM SLIP RIGHT  
BY YOU. YOU **HAD** HIM.  
HOW COULD YOU MESS  
THAT ONE UP?

CLEARLY,  
I CAN'T LOOK  
AFTER MY LITTLE  
BROTHER...

...AND  
CATCH THE  
BASTARD.

DAMN, I  
WISH I COULD  
JUST **SHOOT**  
HIM.





ZEUS  
WANTS IT BACK,  
GRIGORI...

YOU CAN PUT  
THAT CHAIN AWAY, GEMINI.  
I WON'T BE DRAGGED INTO  
THE UNDERWORLD BY A  
COUPLE OF MORTALS AND  
THEIR TOYS...



...AND  
YOU WON'T BE  
TAKING MY STAFF  
ANYWHERE.



HADES HOLDS THE  
OTHER END OF THIS  
CHAIN; HE WILL DO THE  
DRAGGING. AND THE  
STAFF ISN'T YOURS. IT  
BELONGS TO THE  
GOD OF GODS.

DON'T DO  
IT, WINGY. YOU'VE  
BROKEN ONE OF ZEUS'  
RULES--DON'T GO  
BREAKING ANOTHER  
BY SPREADING  
YOUR WINGS IN  
PUBLIC.





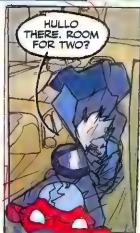
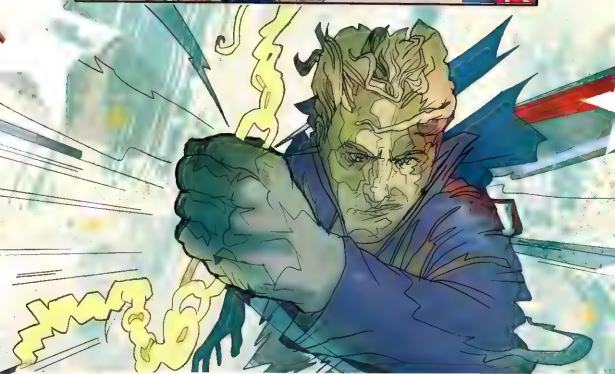
DON'T YOU DARE  
CITE THE RULES OF  
OLYMPUS TO ME,  
MORTALS.

MORTAL?  
NOT EXACTLY.

LISTEN,  
GRIGORI, WE'VE  
BEEN CHASING  
YOU TWO WEEKS.  
WE'RE TIRED.  
JUST GIVE US  
THE DAMNED  
STAFF.

AND LET  
YOU HOOK ME  
LIKE ONE OF  
POSEIDON'S  
PETS? THAT  
IS NOT MY  
FATE.

...AND I'VE  
HAD ENOUGH OF  
THIS HUBRIS.





...YEAH, I  
DIDN'T THINK  
SO.

NOW  
WHERE DID  
YOU TAKE MY  
BROTHER,  
YOU WINGED  
BASTARD?

DO YOU  
HAVE ANY IDEA  
HOW MANY  
OLYMPIAN LAWS  
YOU'VE JUST  
BROKEN?

OLYMPUS  
AND ITS LAWS  
AREN'T WHAT  
THEY USED  
TO BE.

BUT YOU *STOLE* THE  
CADUCEUS. YOU *STOLE* THE  
VOICE OF ZEUS. TO RISK WHAT?  
A LIFE AMONG MORTALS?

WHAT DO YOU  
KNOW OF LIFE AND  
MORTALITY?

THERE  
YOU ARE.

I KNOW ENOUGH  
TO RESPECT THEM BOTH.  
ENOUGH TO ABIDE BY THE  
RULES. WHY WOULD YOU  
BREAK THEM?

TO ALLOW THE  
ONE I LOVE TO LIVE  
FOREVER, POLLUX.  
NOW AS MUCH AS I'M  
ENJOYING OUR CHAT,  
I HOPE YOU'RE  
ENJOYING THE  
SUNSET...

...BECAUSE  
THAT'S WHERE  
YOU'RE HEADED.

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT IF YOU KILL ME I *WILL* COME BACK? ZEUS HAS GRANTED US *ETERNAL* LIFE, AND HE IS GOING TO GET HIS STAFF BACK-- *ONE WAY OR ANOTHER*. MY BROTHER AND I ARE THE *EASY* WAY.

YOU ARE NOT A TRUE IMMORTAL. YOU ARE A MORTAL WHO GETS YEARLY VACATIONS IN *THE UNDERWORLD*. AND I CAN OUTFRIN *ANYONE* THE GODS SEND AT ME.

SAY HELLO TO HELIOS FOR ME.

GOTCHA!!

HOLD YOUR BALLS, POL.



VOILA!  
JUST CALL  
ME CASTOR,  
TAMER OF  
HORSES AND  
HARLEYS.



I DON'T  
REMEMBER YOU  
DOIN' THAT ONE  
ON A HORSE,  
CASSIE.



TRUE. HE'S  
HEADING TOWARD THE  
WAREHOUSES...

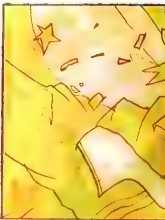
AND HE'S  
STAYING LOW.  
WE HAVE A  
CHANCE.

JUST  
LET ME OFF  
HERE...

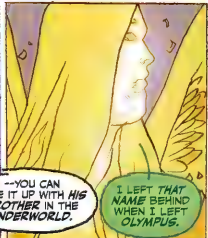
YOU  
KNOW WHAT  
TO DO?

STAY QUICK ON  
MY FEET, BROTHER.  
YOU JUST STAY ON  
YOURS.

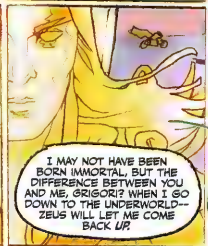
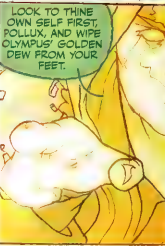




THIS IS EXACTLY WHY ZEUS IS PISSED THAT YOU LEFT OLYMPUS, *HERMES*. SO IF YOU'VE GOT A BEEF--



ZEUS HASN'T FORGOTTEN IT, NOR WHAT IT *IMPLIES*. THERE ARE *CONSEQUENCES* TO FORGETTING YOUR PLACE ON OLYMPUS. YOU CAN'T LIVE AMONG MORTALS.





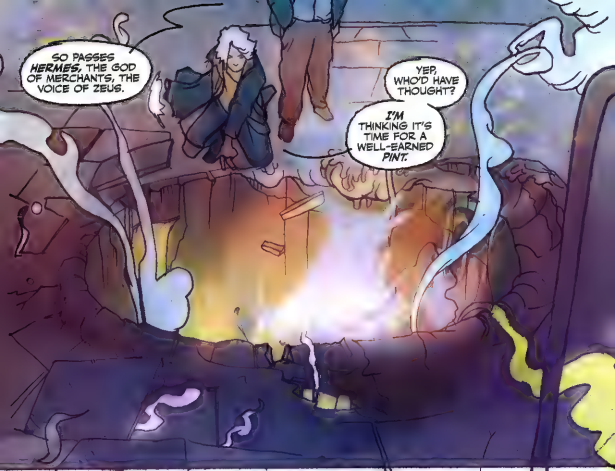


NO! NOOOO!

SEE YOU IN THE UNDERWORLD, HERMES.

THAT'S WHY HE HAS A LITTLE BROTHER TO PICK UP AFTER HIM.





SO PASSES  
HERMES, THE GOD  
OF MERCHANTS, THE  
VOICE OF ZEUS.

YEP,  
WHO'D HAVE  
THOUGHT?

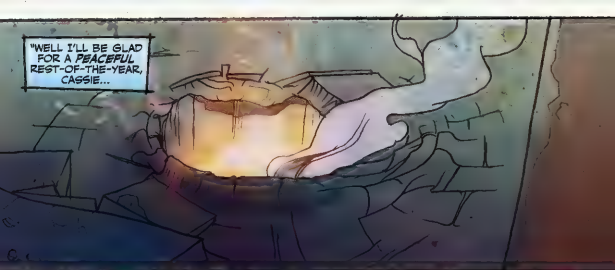
I'M  
THINKING IT'S  
TIME FOR A  
WELL-EARNED  
PINT.



LEAD  
THE WAY.

BY THE WAY,  
DO YOU THINK  
HE WAS CRAZY TO  
LEAVE OLYMPUS  
FOR A WOMAN?

I THINK  
IT'S CRAZY  
TO STAY UNTIL  
MORNING,  
POLLUX.



"WELL I'LL BE GLAD  
FOR A *PEACEFUL*  
REST-OF-THE-YEAR,  
CASSIE...



"...IN WHICH THE  
OLYMPIANS STAY  
IN OLYMPUS...



"...THE DEAD  
STAY IN THE  
UNDERWORLD...



"...AND THEY  
*BOTH* STAY OUT  
OF OUR WORLD."

ONE HOUR LATER

WELL,  
I PROPOSE  
THAT WE HEAD  
SOUTH.

SOUTH  
WHERE? THE  
HOMELAND?

OR THE  
BAHAMAS.

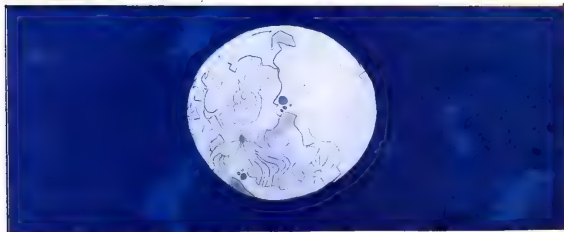
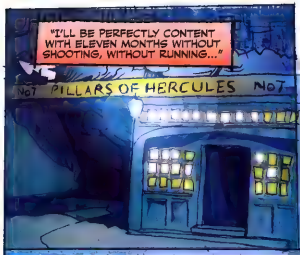
I IMAGINE ZEUS  
WILL SEND FOR HIS  
STAFF AS SOON  
AS HE CAN.


ME TOO--  
THOUGH WITH THE  
OLYMPIANS STAYING  
UNINVOLVED, AND  
HIS MESSENGER NOW  
EXILED, I DON'T  
KNOW *WHO* HE'LL  
SEND FOR IT.

YESSIR, SOUTH.  
ELEVEN MONTHS OF  
MADEMOISELLES AND  
MARGARITAS.


YOU'RE  
NOTHING IF NOT  
PREDICTABLE...







IT IS TOO  
WARM HERE, BUT I  
AM OUT OF HADES'  
GRASP, FINALLY.



YET LOOK  
OVER THIS WORLD,  
MY LOVES.



I WILL  
UNLEASH YOU  
INTO IT.

YOU WILL BE  
REWARDED FOR AIDING  
ME. REWARDED WITH  
DIVINE FLESH.

I PROMISE  
YOU THAT WHATEVER  
THIS WORLD OF DECAY  
AND BITTER HEAT  
KNOWS IN ITS DARK  
CORNERS...



...I AM FAR  
WORSE.

**TO BE CONTINUED**

# VOICE OF ZEUS

On the fourth day of the month they gave him another command. Turning, the young divinity saw the Olympians seated at the table, each with countenance grave, eyes fixed upon him. At the end of the table Zeus rose and nodded. The youth departed.

He knelt at the edge of the black marble steps. Beneath him flowered elegantly decorated gardens, thick with the sweet rising scent of aconites, poppies, and withys. Poised as if to sprint, the youth rested his fingertips on the marble, but only for the briefest of moments. He clutched the glowing staff in his right hand. His sandals were bound with feathers that twitched in the stratospheric wind. He pressed his toes against the obsidian tile. He looked ahead under his narrow crown and saw the wave-like bursts of clouds, rising, heavy with rain and thunder.

The air cracked as he sprung forward, propelled by silver wings.

Away from the peak and into the bulbous thunderhead he sped, a silver flash across red and orange skies. As he passed into the clouds they spun in a whirlwind behind him.

He descended with a burst through the clouds, and was soon above the sublime Arcadian forests rich with shadowy Hellenic greens. Every stag and fox lowered its eyes as the sky split.

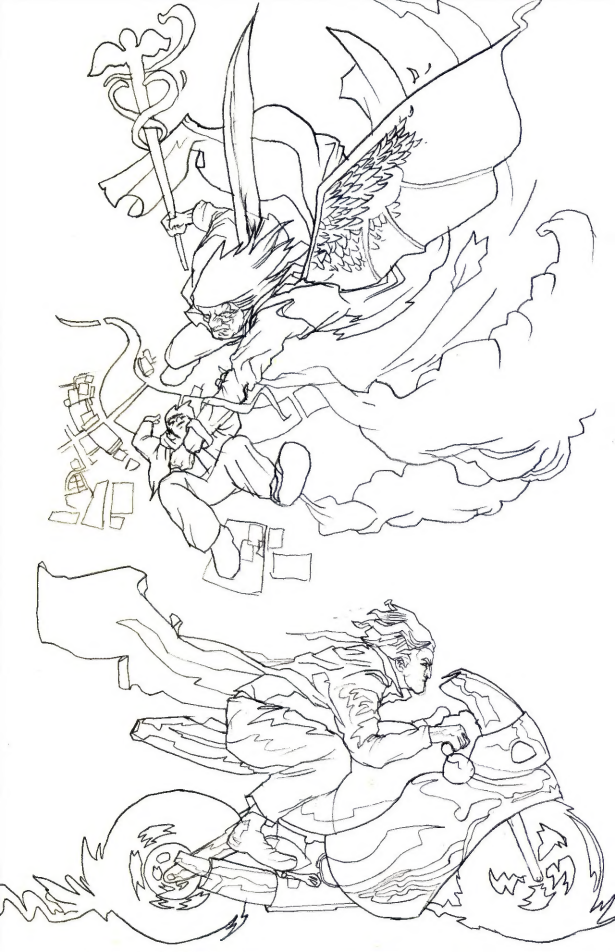
He was soon over the green ridges, crested with russet stones, under which Titans lie and behemoths sleep. He crossed the Aegean waters, and soon, to the coast and the desert. Then he passed over tree-dotted hills still choked with the dust cast up by ten thousand marching troops, and arrived at the desert plain. Ahead the clouds hung with the threat of rain and wrath.

As he neared the earth, a wave of churning dust and sand trailed the youth; the trees he passed quaked as if wrung by the hands of a giant, and grass was laid flat under his shadow. With a tremor he arrived on the earth, appearing only as a flash to mortals. He stopped, bent his knees and took the Caduceus, pounding it into the ground. A fiery burst of lightening coursed from the steps of Olympus to the earth. A boom resounded over the desert, the waters, and the hills: the voice of Zeus himself.











A CRIME BOOK FOR THE  
**9TH CENTURY.**

APRIL 2009 IMAGE COMICS

## NEXT ISSUE

*"Oh yes, gods do exist."*

- NEWSARAMA



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